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armor of Patroclus? He shall not get his horses." In *Odyssey* ii. 312 Telemachus rebukes the suitors: "Isn't your wasting of my substance heretofore bad enough? Will you continue it now that I am a man?" In *Odyssey* xvii. 376 Antinous rebukes the swineherd: "Why, pray, did'st thou bring this man to the city? Have we not vagabonds enough without him?" (Murray). Apart from the general logic of the passage already explained this fixed usage would, I think, fix the interpretation.

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#### A RESCUE! A CANNAN TO THE RESCUE!

From 218 to 201 of the era preceding our own, the Romans were engaged in a war with Carthage, their great rival for economic and political power. The armies of Hannibal entered Italy. "On to Rome" was their watchword. On toward the capital they went, slaughtering one Roman army after another. The ordinary routine of life at Rome was entirely changed. Feverish activity, intermittent and fearful anxiety, affected all classes. The manufacture of weapons of war was pushed in frantic haste we may guess even with the aid of the women. Bushels of rings and other souvenirs taken from the Roman dead on the battlefield were sent home across the sea by the Carthaginians. The Romans heard that their enemies had employed marvelous new discoveries, such as the dissolution of rock by the use of heat and acid, to aid in their advance. No such war had ever been known. Huge elephants trampled whole battle lines beneath their Juggernaut advance. Common reports vilified their foes, and they coined the phrase "Punic faith." The earlier treaty signed by Carthage had become a scrap of paper. Mothers expired with joy at the return of sons reported dead; others died of grief when the casualty lists appeared. At the last, the army which silently and swiftly swept from one end of Italy to the other to deal the crushing blow to the invaders was fed by those who stood at the roadside with baskets of food as the lines hurried by. Those armies were not "entrained," those baskets held no packages of cigarettes, and no blue-bonneted Salvation Army sergeant dished the doughnuts in Livy's pages. But these are superficial differences. The Romans knew then what the French and English have since known, and they met similar crises with the same response.

It was during these war years and immediately thereafter that the plays of Plautus were written and first produced. War literature they were with the war atmosphere in some so distinctly visible that it persists even when they are translated into a foreign language for readers who lack the intimate knowledge which is always the basis of allusions. But there are others of them which have not been called war plays. They have seemed to have no manifest connection with the war, and are described by an English authority as "studies in pornography which only the unflagging animal spirits of the poet redeem from being disgusting." These are not the plays generally read

in college classes. College professors have looked upon them as the natural products of a society far removed in time from ours and so utterly different as to be explicable in no words intelligible or suitable to the ears of modern youth. As individuals possessed of mature minds and education the professors have themselves felt what is expressed by Mr. Shaw's greengrocer: "Yes, they would, them Romans. When you're in Rome, do as the Romans do, is an old saying. But we're not in Rome at present, my lord." This has been the traditional attitude.

But many accepted beliefs have been shattered by the recent war and I find myself questioning the accuracy of this judgment on the contemporaries of Plautus. When I read *Sinister Street*, and later followed Sylvia through her peregrinations, there was at least in the first volume a charm of style and a freshness of subject-matter. But when this experience was followed by *Casuals of the Sea* (here riseth the first qualm!), then by *The Pretty Lady*, and when the climax came in *Pink Roses*, I found myself "fed up" *ad nauseam* on the champagne and entrées of the underworld. I began to question whether the meretrice was any more of an accepted and acknowledged institution in the social life of Rome in the second century B.C. than is the Pretty Lady in twentieth-century England. To a distant generation studying the aftermath of modern war literature, would an Englishman's house look like his castle? Or would it rather resemble that transparent variety of residence whose owner can ill afford to cast stones even at the Romans? War is subversive of all ordinary rules of conduct. *Ira furor brevis est*, but complete recovery is not immediate. Pornographic literature seems now to be one of the symptoms of convalescence. Why may not that be the real explanation of the *Casina* and the *Truculentus*? The noble Roman and the English yeoman may after all be brothers. Let us, profiting by our perusal of *Pink Roses*, explain all of Plautus as war literature, a reaction to abnormal conditions, and rescue the early Romans from the invidious comparisons of the ages by sharing with them the benefit of the same doubt which we accord to the substantial fellow-citizens of Gilbert Cannan.

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THE MEANING OF THE VERB *βάπτω*, *βαπτίζω*

The treatment of these cognate verbs in the lexica and in Stephanus is so inadequate that one can get no comprehensive notion of their meaning by studying the examples given by these authorities.

The meaning in the New Testament has been so thoroughly discussed and so closely allies itself with questions of theology that I shall make no reference to any examples found therein.

The two most general meanings of these verbs are, first, "to dip," that is, to go under the water and then to come out, and second, "to submerge," "to sink," that is, to go under the water and to remain there.